

from “President Cleveland, Where Are You?”**by Robert Cormier**

That was the autumn of the cowboy cards—Buck Jones and Tom Tyler and Hoot Gibson and especially Ken Maynard. The cards were available in those five-cent packages of gum: pink sticks, three together, covered with a sweet white powder. You couldn’t blow bubbles with that particular gum, but it couldn’t have mattered less. The cowboy cards were important—the pictures of those rock-faced men with eyes of blue steel....

Monday was the best day to buy the cards because the candy man stopped at Lemire’s every Monday morning to deliver the new assortments. There was nothing more exciting in the world than a fresh batch of card boxes.